BISBEE IS SOLICITED TO JOIN EXPRESS RATE FIGHT.

Board of Trade President Has Auto Accident—Children Will Attend Sunday Ball Game—General and Personal News.

Bisbee, Ariz., June 11.—The board of trade is in receipt of a communication from the Merchants' association of New York, for co-operation in the national move to obtain a reduction in the freight and express rates.

While driving an automobile Mr. Buxton, president of the board of trade, ran into a buggy, badly smashing it. Scott Whaley, who was in the buggy, was thrown to the ground, but sustained only a few bruises.

President Frankenberg, of the baseball association, has arranged that all children between the ages of 6 and 14 years be admitted free to the bleachers during the game at Warren next Sunday.

Percy Neal and Miss Edith Rothenberger were married, the ceremony being performed at the Copper Queen hotel by Rev. Spicer.

Gus Sleeper and Miss Mollie Lewis were united in marriage by Rev. W. E. Spicer.

W. H. Brophy, Dr. F. E. Shine and H. B. Rice have left for a hunting trip in the Sierra Madre mountains.

Mrs. W. H. Brophy and daughter have left Bisbee to spend the summer in California.

John Calley, Nelson Kewley, J. Quill and Alfred Milroy have left for Europe on a pleasure trip.

By Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow

THE THIRD DEGREE

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Howard Jeffries marries waitress while at college and is disinherited by rich father. Stepmother visits apartments of her old flame, Robert Underwood, to try to prevent him ending his life when pressed by creditors. Howard, visiting Underwood, a former college-mate, seeking a loan, is asleep in the apartments during the interview and as stepmother leaves, Underwood shoots himself. Howard awakens and is arrested and, by police third degree methods, is made to confess to the crime. His wife seeks aid of his family. Goes to see husband at prison. He tells her he is not guilty.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

The door opened and Alicia appeared. The lawyer advanced politely to greet her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Jeffries."

Alicia shook hands with him, at the same time looking inquiringly at Annie, who, by a quick gesture, told her that the judge knew nothing of her secret. The lawyer went on:

"Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., wishes to speak to you. I said I thought there'd be no objection; you don't mind. May she?"

"Yes," murmured Alicia.

"Your husband was here," said the judge.

"My husband!" she cried, startled. Again she glanced inquiringly at Annie and tried to force a smile.

"Yes," said the lawyer; "he'll be glad to know you're here. I'll tell him." Turning to Annie, he said: "When you're ready, please send and—"

"Very well, judge."

The lawyer went out and Alicia turned round breathlessly.

"My husband was here?" she exclaimed.

"Yes."

"You've told Mr. Brewster nothing?"

Annie shook her head.

"I couldn't!" she said. "I tried to, but I couldn't. It seems so hard, doesn't it?" Alicia laughed bitterly and Annie went on: "I was afraid you weren't coming!"

"The train was late!" exclaimed Alicia evasively, "I went up to Stamford to say good-by to my mother."

"To say good-by?" echoed her companion in surprise.

"Yes," said the other tearfully. "I have said good-by to her—I have said good-by to everybody—to everything—to myself—I must give them all up—I must give myself up."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that, surely?" Alicia shook her head sadly.

"Yes," she said; "I've reckoned it all up. It's a total loss. Nothing will be saved—husband, home, position, good name—all will go. You'll see. I shall be torn into little bits of shreds. They won't leave anything unsaid. But it's not that I care for so much. It's the injustice of it all. The injustice of the power of evil. This man Underwood never did a good action in all his life. And now even after he is dead he has the power to go on destroying—destroying—destroying!"

"That's true," said Annie; "he was no good."

The banker's wife drew from her bosom the letter Underwood wrote her before he killed himself.

"When he sent me this letter," she went on, "I tried to think myself into his condition of mind, so that I could decide whether he intended to keep his word and kill himself or not. I tried to reason out just how he felt and how he thought. Now I know. It's hopeless, dull, sodden desperation. I haven't even the ambition to defend myself from Mr. Jeffries."

Annie shrugged her shoulders.

"I wouldn't lose any sleep on his account," she said with a laugh. More seriously she added: "Surely he won't believe—"

"He may not believe anything himself," said Alicia. "It's what other people are thinking that will make him suffer. If the circumstances were only a little less disgraceful—a suicide's last letter to the woman he loved. They'll say I drove him to it. They won't think of his miserable; dishonest career. They'll only think of my share in his death—"

Annie shook her head sympathetically.

"Yes," she said; "it's tough! The worst of it is they are going to arrest you."

Alicia turned ashen pale.

"Arrest me!" she cried.

"That's what Capt. Clinton says," replied the other gravely. "He was here—he is here now—with two men, waiting for you." Apologetically she went on: "It wasn't my fault, Mrs. Jeffries—I didn't mean to. What could I do? When I told Judge Brewster, he sent for Capt. Clinton. The police are afraid you'll run away or something—"

"And my husband!" gasped Alicia; "he doesn't know, does he?"

"No, I didn't tell them. I said you'd tell them yourself, but they won't trust you when they know who you are. Let's tell the judge—he may think of a plan. Suppose you go away until—" Puzzled herself to find a way out of the dilemma, Annie paced the floor nervously. "Oh, this is awful!" she exclaimed. "What are we to do?"

She looked toward Alicia, as if expecting some suggestion from her, but her companion was too much overwhelmed to take any initiative.

"It does stun one, doesn't it?" went on Annie. "You can't think when it comes all of a sudden like this. It's just the way I felt the morning they showed me Howard's confession."

"Prison! Prison!" wailed Alicia.

Annie tried to console her.

"Not for long," she said soothingly; "you can get bail. It's only a matter of favor—Judge Brewster would get you out right away."

"Get me out!" cried Alicia distractedly. "My God! I can't go to prison! I can't! That's too much. I've done nothing! Look—read this!" Handing over Underwood's letter, she went on: "You can see for yourself. The wretch frightened me into such a state of mind that I hardly knew what I was doing—I went to his rooms to save him. That's the truth, I swear to God! But do you suppose anybody will believe me on oath? They'll—they'll—"

Almost hysterical, she no longer knew what she was saying or doing. She collapsed utterly, and sinking down in a chair, gave way to a passionate fit of sobbing. Annie tried to quiet her:

"Hush!" she said gently, "don't go on like that. Be brave. Perhaps it won't be as bad as you think." She unfolded the letter Alicia had given her and carefully read it through. When she had finished her face lit up with joy. Enthusiastically she cried:

"This is great for Howard! What a blessing you didn't destroy it! What a wretch, what a hound to write you like that! Poor soul, of course, you went and begged him not to do it! I'd have gone myself, but I think I'd have broken an umbrella over his head or something— Gee! these kind of fellows breed trouble, don't they? Alive or dead, they breed trouble! What can we do?"

Alicia rose. Her tears had disappeared. There was a look of fixed resolve in her eyes.

"Howard must be cleared," she said, "and I must face it—alone!"

"You'll be alone all right," said Annie thoughtfully. "Mr. Jeffries will do as much for you as he did for his son."

Noticing that her companion seemed hurt by her frankness, she changed the topic.

"Honest to God!" she exclaimed good-naturedly, "I'm broken-hearted—I'll do anything to save you from this—this public disgrace. I know what it means—I've had my dose of it. But this thing has got to come out, hasn't it?"

The banker's wife wearily nodded assent.

"Yes, I realize that," she said, "but the disgrace of arrest—I can't stand it, Annie! I can't go to prison even if it's only for a minute." Holding out a trembling hand, she went on: "Give me back the letter. I'll leave New York to-night—I'll go to Europe—I'll send it to Judge Brewster from Paris." Looking anxiously into her companion's face, she pleaded: "You'll trust me to do that, won't you? Give it to me, please—you can trust me."

Her hand was still extended, but Annie ignored it.

"No—no," she said, shaking her head, "I can't give it to you—how can I? Do you understand what the letter means to me?"

"Have pity!" cried the banker's wife, almost beside herself. "You can tell them when I'm out of the country. Don't ask me to make this sacrifice now—don't ask me—don't!"

Annie was beginning to lose patience. The woman's selfishness angered her. With irritation, she said:

"You've lost your nerve, and you don't know what you're saying. Howard's life comes before you—me—or anybody. You know that!"

"Yes—yes," cried Alicia desperately, "I know that. I'm only asking you to wait. I—I ought to have left this morning—that's what I should have done—gone at once. Now it's too late, unless you help me—"

"I'll help you all I can," replied the other doggedly, "but I've promised Judge Brewster to clear up this matter to-night."

Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. Capt. Clinton entered, followed by Detective Sergeant Maloney. Alicia shrank back in alarm.

"I thought Judge Brewster was here," said the captain, glancing suspiciously round the room.

"I'll send for him," said Annie, touching a bell.

"Well, where's your mysterious witness?" demanded the captain sarcastically.

He looked curiously at Alicia.

"This is Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr.," said Annie, "my husband's stepmother."

The captain made a deferential salute. Bully as he was, he knew how to be courteous when it suited his purpose. He had heard enough of the wealthy banker's aristocratic wife to treat her with respect.

"Beg pardon, m'm; I wanted to tell the judge I was going."

The servant entered.

"Tell Judge Brewster that Capt. Clinton is going," said Annie.

Alicia, meantime, was once more on the verge of collapse. The long threatened expose was now at hand. In another moment the judge and perhaps her husband would come in, and Annie would hand them the letter which exculpated her husband. There was a moment of terrible suspense. Annie stood aloof, her eyes fixed on the floor. Suddenly, without uttering a word, she drew Underwood's letter from her bosom, and quickly approaching Alicia, placed it unnoticed in her hand. The banker's wife flushed and then turned pale. She understood. Annie would spare her. Her lips parted to protest. Even she was taken back by such an exhibition of unselfishness as this. She began to stammer thanks.

"No, no," whispered Annie quickly, "don't thank me; keep it."

Capt. Clinton turned round with a jeer. Insolently, he said to Annie:

"You might as well own up—you've played a trick on us all."

"No, Capt. Clinton," she replied with quiet dignity; "I told you the simple truth. Naturally you don't believe it."

"The simple truth may do for Judge Brewster," grinned the policeman, "but it won't do for me. I never expected this mysterious witness, who was going to prove that Underwood committed suicide, to make an appearance, did I, Maloney. Why not? Because, begging your pardon for doubting your word, there's no such person."

"Begging your pardon for disputing your word, captain," she retorted, mimicking him, "there is such a person."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RENE BACHE'S BUDGET.

WEATHER IN THE FOREST

CURIOUS AND NOVEL EXPERIMENTS MADE BY GOVERNMENT SCIENTISTS.

Studying the Effect of Forests on Rainfall, Wind Velocity and Temperature—New Kind of Experiment Stations to Be Established—Plan to Build Up Small Model Forests, For Object Lessons in Practical Silviculture.

Washington, D. C., June 11.—Two branches of the government, the Forest service and the Weather bureau, are co-operating in a new enterprise—namely, the establishment of a series of forest experiment stations. The first of these was started recently in Arizona, in the Coconino National forest, and others will be placed on a working basis during the coming year.

At these stations it is proposed, among other things, to make a systematic study of the effect of a forest cover upon rainfall, temperature, wind velocity and evaporation. This is where the work of the Weather bureau comes in; and, in order to render the observations as complete as possible, the requisite instruments will be set up inside the forest, outside of the forest, and on the edge of the forest—thus giving opportunity for comparison.

Developments In Arizona.

This has already been done at the Coconino situated eight miles northwest of the town of Flagstaff, in the midst of a belt of forest, from 40 to 100 miles wide, which extends from north to central Arizona southeast for a distance of 250 miles into New Mexico. The territory is an extensive plateau, with numerous mountain peaks.

Scattered about in the forest belt are occasional open spaces, grassy and treeless, which are known as "parks." One of these, two and a half miles long and a mile and a half wide, has been chosen as a suitable location for the station. It offers an opportunity for making comparative observations in the forest, along the edge thereof, and outside. Three miles to the northeast of this "park" begin the steep slopes of the San Francisco mountain, which rises to the height of a mile above the surrounding plains.

Why Trees Do Not Grow.

Among the objects in view is that of finding out why trees do not grow in the "parks." It is desired also to determine the atmospheric conditions to which the young seedling trees are exposed—especially with a view to artificial planting; for which latter reason, the instruments are placed near the ground. In some instances self-registering thermometers are placed in wooden boxes, which are temporarily attached to trees and fences.

One of the most interesting observations is made with the aid of a contrivance called an "evaporation pan," which is a circular tank twelve inches high and four feet in diameter, filled with water. Every day the level of the water in the pan, which stands on the ground, is measured and the loss by evaporation computed—allowing, of course for the amount of rainfall, if any.

Evaporation Responsible.

It is found that the evaporation in the forest, at the Coconino station, is only 70 percent of what it is outside in the open park. This seems to be due partly to the fact that the air in the forest is more humid, and therefore cannot take up so much moisture. But the principal reason is that the trees interfere with the movement of the wind, which, when it blows across the open spaces takes up moisture with great rapidity. This, in fact, is one of the chief reasons why trees do not grow in the "parks," where the wind dries up the young seedlings. The latter, on the other hand, find protection in the forest against the drying effect of the wind, and benefit by the greater humidity of the atmosphere.

The puzzle of the "parks" is further explained by the fact that the forest cover modifies frost. On clear nights the temperature under the cover of the branches is several degrees higher than that of the nearby open places. This is due in part to interference by the three crowns with radiation of heat from the earth; but another important consideration involved is that the air is comparatively still. Observations at the Coconino station have shown that wind movement is twice as great in the forest as outside of it.

All Possible Facts Wanted.

With a view to ascertaining everything possible about the influence of forest cover on local climatic condition, wind-measuring instruments and rain gages are set up and connected with an automatic recording device, which gives a continuous record of wind movement, wind direction and rainfall. These are supplemented by the evaporation pans already described, by maximum and minimum thermometers and by the use of a contrivance called "psychrometer," for determining the percent of moisture in the air.

By these means it has been found that the temperature of the air in the forest has a less daily range, and less pronounced fluctuations than outside. The changes from extreme to extreme are more gradual and the maximum temperature is lower and the minimum higher. That is to say, the thermometer does not go either so low or so high. In a word, the climate of the forest is less severe, more equable and more humid.

Many Experiment Stations Proposed.

It is proposed to have at least one main experiment station in each of the great forested regions of the west, and eventually also in the east, in the white pine region, the Appalachian hardwood region and the southern pine region. Each of these regions has its own peculiar forest problems, which the experts attached to the local station will be called upon to solve.

Thus, for example, in the white pine region of western Montana and northern Idaho the main problem is the perpetuation of the valuable white pine; in the northern and southern pine regions of the Rocky mountains the treatment of the "lodgepole" pine is of prime importance; in the southwest the reproduction of yellow pine is the great silvicultural problem, and in Oregon and Washington the Douglas fir is the species that claims most attention.

The typical forest experiment station will have one central headquarters, where laboratory, nursery and other experiments will be carried on. Most of the work will be done of experimental areas, on sample plots. All questions relating to reproduction will be carefully studied, and even such matters as the amount of light required by different species of trees at different altitudes will be determined with accuracy—this particular work being done by means of "photometers," mathematically correct.

Wood Supply To Be Considered.

The reckless destruction of the natural tree growth which formerly covered most of this continent has brought us face to face with a tremendous problem—namely, that of wood supply for future generations. Wood is the most indispensable of all materials. We must have it, and our descendants will be able to get it in the adequate quantities only by tree culture—that is to say, by the planting and proper control of forests.

Hence the importance of finding out all that can possibly be learned in regard to forests. One thing which the experiment stations are to attend to is the building, so to speak, of small model forests, each of which will exemplify the proper method of management to use in a forest of its particular type. These model forests will be utilized as practical object lessons, to show foresters, lumbermen, rangers and others what may be accomplished by rational methods of forest planting and forest control.

RENE BACHE.